

alteration from what was customary in public-house carousals. The case is very different, however, as respects the same order of individuals in the small towns. In these, there is still as much intemperance in liquor as ever, and at the same time an almost universal frequentation of the public-house. Most of the loose cash, or what can be wrung from the ordinary legitimate expenditure, is spent in an evening in company, upon the long-established potations—half nutchkins of toddy. What sums of money, what resources, have been squandered, and are at this very day squandered, in this manner! Old men are dropping off from their wonted haunts, but young men are growing up to take their places in the same public-house parlours which witnessed the festivities of past generations. It would perhaps be wrong to say that in these habits of intemperance the father succeeds the son. The sons of drunkards have seldom any thing left to them wherewith to procure indulgences of any kind. It is chiefly the sons of the careful who fill up the ranks, and they seldom stop till they have dispersed all that was bequeathed to them. The bulk of the houses and small landed heritages—speak it with reverence, “the properties”—of the inhabitants of most Scotch country towns, are melted into toddy once every thirty years, or thereabouts, while in some cases the transmutation is effected twice within that brief period of time—such is the potent dissolving quality of whiskey.

There is, however, nothing to be wondered at in these tipping habits. In the circumstances of the case, the wonder would be if they did not exist. The cause of so much intemperance is, simply, vacancy of mind produced by want of occupation. There is most likely not a particle of natural inclination in the case. All is the result of want of healthful exercise of the mind, or, in other words, harmless excitement. The nightly adjournment with a few companions to a public-house, is a sort of business, something to do, something to stir up the dormant faculties, or as Burns called it, something to “kittle up our notion;” and if that something were to be taken away, and no equivalent given in its stead, a total stagnation of the mind would ensue. Nothing would so effectually tend to eradicate tipping from the small towns, as giving the people of these towns something at once harmless and exciting to think about. What is it that has reformed the habits of the middle classes, including the respectable operatives of the large towns, such as Edinburgh and Glasgow, but the provision which they now possess for healthful mental excitement? During the early part of the day, the provision consists of professional occupation: and during the latter part, it is comprised in the various resources which cultivated society, and scientific, literary, and other refined pursuits, present. The very existence of these ennobling means of recreation in large towns, throws an air of disrepute over habits of low indulgence, and thus, by both positive and negative means, they do good. We do not know of any means which may be so readily adopted for weaning the ignorant, and persons of weak resolutions, from habits of intemperance, as giving them opportunities of attending evening lectures on subjects of a useful and entertaining character. Recreations of this description afford matter for the most agreeable reflection, and what is this but advancement in moral qualifications? How opposite the tendencies produced by rumination on grovelling and sensual gratifications, to those arising from calm reflection on some glorious truth in moral or physical science! The former add to, while the latter subtract from, the sum of human abasement and suffering. Let these things be pressed unremittingly on the consideration of the managers of all kinds of temperance associations, and generally on all who wish well to social improvement.

#### REFORMATION OF A DRUNKARD.

*From the London Temperance Advocate.*

A mechanic whose trade was very laborious was much addicted to drinking: he was a husband and a father. Being a good workman he was constantly employed; his wages varied from twenty-five to thirty shillings per week; but he seldom took home more than ten shillings, and sometimes he played at kittles and lost money; so that after paying his weekly score, and the money he had lost, he had nothing left. On such occasions he would go home in a state of intoxication, very ill-tempered at having lost his money, scold his wife and sometimes beat her; then going to bed frequently with his clothes on, for sheer inability to take them off. You may

be sure that his wife and family were very scantily supplied with food and clothing, and that his return home was dreaded. This state of things continued for some years, and a severe trial it was to the faith and patience of his wife, for she was a godly woman, and always strove by meekness and other means to reclaim him. One Saturday night he had lost all his money; he was not drunk, but he was ashamed of his conduct, and he thought the best way to avoid any explanation when he got home would be to appear drunk; accordingly he feigned drunkenness, beat his wife, and staggered away to bed. His wife almost broken-hearted, went weeping, as she had frequently done before, to the Bible, and prayed over it until its promises were applied with power to her soul, and she felt relieved and comforted. She then went to her bedroom: there lay her husband, pretending to be asleep, but in fact, kept awake by the consciousness of having ill used a good wife. She adopted the same course on this occasion as she had on similar occasions; she knelt down by the bedside, and prayed for the man who had beaten her, and whom she thought fast asleep, and unable to pray for himself. In the agony of her mind she prayed aloud; he heard the petition burst from her lips, ‘O God! forgive my husband for all his transgressions against thee, and especially incline his heart to hate this sin of drunkenness, and to love thee.’ This sentence pierced him to the heart. He was convinced by the tremulous tone of her voice, of the sincerity and earnestness of her prayer. He did not let her know that he was awake, but his mind was filled with painful reflections. The fact that she, whom he had so cruelly beaten, could so soon have forgiven him, and have lost the sense of her own sorrows, in the overwhelming anxiety she had expressed for his pardon with God, he did not understand, but it convinced him of his guilt, and fixed in his mind a deep conviction of the worth of his wife.

The next morning was a blessed Sabbath for that family; the good woman was surprised to hear her husband say—‘come, my dear, let us get up;’ for his usual practice was to lie in bed late on the Sabbath morning, to sleep off the effect of the previous evening’s debauch. However, they were soon up, and while he cleansed his shoes, she lighted the fire; but her heart was heavy; for she feared that he was going out for the day, with his wicked companions; still there was a kindness in his manner that led her to hope for the best—and every now and then she caught his eye fixed upon her, and the look seemed to be a look of love. Oh! how her spirit kindled at the thought! it might be, that God had at last heard her prayer, and was now operating on her husband’s mind; swiftly flew the mental aspiration to her heavenly Father, that it might be so; again she caught his eye; it beamed with love; she could not be mistaken!—and yet she feared to speak to him, lest his reply should dash the promised cup of happiness from her lips. But her fears were groundless, the man’s heart was changed; the Spirit of the Living God had breathed upon him, who before had been dead in trespasses and sins, and now he was a living soul; old things had passed away, and all things had become new. Now he stood and gazed with admiration on her whom he had formerly neglected and ill treated; now his heart swelled with emotion too big for utterance; he would have given the world to have told her all he felt, but the recollection of what he had been, pressed upon his heart and sealed his lips. With these feelings they sat down to breakfast; she frequently praying, and earnestly hoping, that it might be unto her according to her heart’s desire; and he, overwhelmed with his own guilt, but humbly purposing to lead a new life for the time to come. Is there ‘joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth?’ then, surely, the eternal mansions rung with shouts of sovereign grace, when such a brand as this was plucked from the burning fire. But was the joy confined to heaven? Oh no; there was one, at least, on earth, who on that morning had a foretaste of the joys of paradise. Who shall describe the feelings of the wife, when, after a long silence, her husband said, ‘Make haste, my dear, to prepare for chapel, for I will go with you this morning.’ How completely were former sorrows forgotten at that moment; and what a prospect of future felicity opened to her view at the sound of these words! Nor was she disappointed; her husband went with her to chapel that day; he has continued to go with her ever since, and at this very time is one of the most active and useful members of a church not many miles from London.

After reading this narrative, which is strictly true, who shall dare to say that drunkenness is an incurable vice? Oh! broken